Per. My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other service first,
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sayles,
Eftsoones Ile tell why, shall we refresh us sir upon your shore,
and give you gold for such provision as our intents will neede.
Lys. Sir with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I have another sleight.
Per. You shall prevaile, were it to woo my daughter, for
it seemes you have beene noble towards her.
Lys. Sir, lend me your arme.
Per. Come my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my last boone give me;
For such kindnesse must releeve mee:
That you aptly will suppose,
What Pageantry, what pheates, what shewes,
What Minstrelsie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*,
To greete the King; so he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As *Dian* bad whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefenesse sayles are fild,
And wishes fall out as thei'r wild
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King and all his company.
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankefull doome. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy just command,
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faine *Thaisa*, at sea in childbed died she, but brought forth a
Maid

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O Goddesse weares yet thy
silver livery, she at *Tharsus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who at foure-
teene yeares he sought to murder, but her better starres brought
her to *Metaline*, gainst whose shore riding, her fortunes brought
the maid aboord to us whereby her owne most cleare remem-
brance, she made knowne herselfe my daughter.
Th. Voyce and favour, you are, you are O royall *Pericles*.
Pe. What meanes the woman? she dyes, helpe Gentlemen.
Cer. Sir if you have told *Dianaes* Alter true, this is your wife.
Per. Reverend appearer, no, I threw her over-boord with-
these very armes.
Cer. Vpon this Coast, I warrant you.
Per. Tis most certaine.
Cer. Looke to the Lady; O shee's but overjoyde,
Earely in blustring morne, this Lady was throwne upon this
shore. I opened the Coffin, found these rich jewels, recovered
her, and placed her here in *Dianaes* Temple.
Per. May we see them?
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house, whe-
ther I invite you, looke, *Thaisa* is recovered.
Thai. O let me looke if he be none of mine, my sanctity will
to my sence bend no licencious eare, but curb it spight of seeing:
O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like him you speake, like him
you are: did you not name a tempest, a birth, and death?
Per. The voyce of dead *Thaisa*.
Thai. That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drownd.
Per. Immortall *Dian*!
Thai. Now I know you better, when wee with teares parted
Pentapolis, the King my Father gave you such a ring.
Per. This, this, no more, you gods, your present kindnesse
makes my past miseries sport, you shall doe well that on the
touching of her lips I may melt, and no more be seene; O come,
be buried a second time within these armes.
Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers bosome.
Per. Looke who kneeles here, flesh of thy flesh *Thaisa*, thy
burden at the sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was yeelded there.
Thai. Blest, and mine owne.

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